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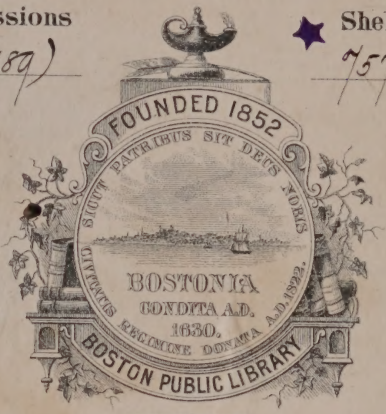

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Boston Children Aid Soc
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Boston Children's Aid Society

ADDRESSES

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AT THE

MEIONAON, MARCH 24, 1890

BY

HON. GEORGE S. HALE, PRESIDENT.
PROF. FRANCIS G. PEABODY, D.D.
CHARLES W. BIRTWELL, GEN'L SEC'Y.
REV. REUEN THOMAS, D.D.
REV. CHARLES G. AMES.
HON. ROBERT TREAT PAINE, VICE-PRES.
REV. PHILLIPS BROOKS, D.D.

BOSTON

CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY

ADDRESSES

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MEIONAON, MARCH 24, 1890

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Boston Children's Aid Society
Feb. 1891

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ASA M. PIPER.

Superintendent of Rock Lawn Farm, Foxboro.
CHARLES N. MORSE.

Superintendent of Weston Home, Weston.
FRANK B. RIPLEY.

GENERAL STATEMENT OF METHODS.

1. A BUREAU OF INFORMATION.— The case of any needy child may be reported at the office for investigation, advice, appropriate reference to other agencies, or special help.

2. A PLACING OUT AGENCY.— *Boarding and free homes in private families* are provided for exposed, destitute, or homeless children, and the interests of the children guarded by constant supervision. When board is paid, relatives contribute according to their ability. The Society places approved homes at the disposal of other societies, boards of overseers of the poor, and private individuals, and performs, if desired, the service of supervision of the children placed in them.

3. THE CARE OF WAYWARD CHILDREN.— The Society takes charge of children who are *truant, wayward, dishonest, in danger of arrest, or under criminal prosecution, and saves them from commitment to the Juvenile Reformatory Institutions on Deer Island.* The girls, who must, as a rule, be under thirteen years of age, are placed in good private homes; board is paid by the Society, if necessary; and supervision is maintained by correspondence and visiting. Regularly the boys must be between nine and thirteen years of age, but exceptions are made. Thirty boys are received at "Pine Farm," West Newton, twenty-five at "Rock Lawn Farm," Foxboro, and fifteen at the "Weston Home," Weston, where the life resembles as far as possible that of a family, and the boys are taught farming, indoor work, and common school studies. When fitted, the boys are placed in good families, chiefly on farms, where the work of moral improvement goes on under the supervision of the Society, and

amid the healthful influences of home life; and a friendly interest is continued after their final return to the city.

4. JUVENILE PROBATIONERS.— An agent of the Society attends the municipal criminal court daily, serves as bondsman for juveniles who are placed upon probation, visits them in their homes, and by personal influence and guidance seeks to rescue them from the evil careers toward which they are tending.

5. "HOME LIBRARIES" are established in the homes of poor and morally exposed children. Ten children in the same neighborhood draw books and periodicals from a library placed in the home of one of their own number who serves as librarian. A set of books and papers, when read, is exchanged for a fresh supply. Thus far thirty-seven libraries have been established. For each library there is a volunteer visitor, who, as a friend of the children, meets them at the regular weekly exchange of books, encourages intelligent reading, teaches home amusements, urges penny savings, etc.

REPORT.

THE Boston Children's Aid Society held a public meeting in the Meionaon on the evening of March 24, 1890. Hon. George S. Hale, President of the Society, presided.

The boys who sung at different points in the meeting, were not present during any of the speaking.

ADDRESS OF HON. GEORGE S. HALE.

The wise — I had almost said the stupid — world has been filling itself for thousands of years with excellent proverbs, which warn us that the child is father of the man; that the child's back must be bent in youth; that you must train up a child in the way he should go if you would not have him depart from it when he is old; that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. And yet this wise world has stood still, with an apparent feeling that the children were but a small part of the community, and that, while these were very wise sentiments, their application was somewhat limited. The world has lately discovered that children are the fathers of men, and that, if we allow the neglect of children to go on, it is, in effect, neglect of society and of the world. They have learned to apply that old story of the child of Themistocles to society in its moral aspects, and that the morality of the child is to be the morality of the world. It is in behalf of children, representing, as we believe, the future of society, that we feel justified in urging upon you the duty which devolves on you and on us toward them.

I remember with interest and amusement a story of the early days of California. After the great flood of those who sought for gold had spread over its mountains and water-

courses, and filled them with a community without women and without children,— after years of this solitude, a large number of people were gathered together on some public occasion with all the paraphernalia of American celebrations, among them a noisy brass band. When it was about to begin its dulcet music, suddenly, amid the vast crowd of men, was heard the cry of an infant. It brought back to the thoughts and memories of these men their homes, their mothers, and their childhood. Every eye was suffused with tears ; and, when the brass band began to drown the child's cry, an old weather-beaten and hardened miner rose, and indignantly shouted, "Stop that noisy band, and give the baby a chance!" So do I feel about some of our philanthropies. I should like to stop that particular band, and give the baby a chance. That is what the Children's Aid Society has been trying to do for more than a quarter of a century. It is now about twenty-six years since it was established by men whose names are familiar to you all as concerned in the best work of the time and of the community,— such men as Charles G. Loring, James Freeman Clarke, and others, some of whom still live and carry on the work which was then so successfully begun.

The Society, in the language of its charter, is designed to provide "for vagrant, destitute, and exposed children, and those under criminal prosecution, of tender age, in the city of Boston and its vicinity, . . . such . . . relief as may be advisable to rescue them from moral ruin."

It seeks to do this by its officers, who attend the courts where the children are brought up for offences, and also by seeking them before they reach the courts, and putting them into positions where they may not be exposed to evil influences. As experience has gone on, as our work has been developed, the conviction has been impressed upon us that no part of our work is more effective than that of "setting the solitary in families," and of placing the child who has either no father and no mother, or a father and mother worse than none, where all those things that we have

shared, and which we wish to give to our children, may be secured for such a child. But this cannot be done without the means which God has provided for this purpose.

A Swedish philanthropist,—for the Swedes have been active in this work,—when asked if their schools for street children were not costly, said, "Certainly, they are costly; but we cannot afford to let these children grow up in misery and in vice, to become the most expensive and destructive agencies of our society." Nor can we in this community afford to neglect these sources of danger, even if it costs us money.

But it is not my province to go into points of detail. The work of the Society will be explained to you by its industrious, assiduous, and successful Secretary, Mr. Birtwell, and others who are concerned in the work; and it will be enforced upon you by an eloquence which I shall not attempt to anticipate or imitate.

The first thing which I wish to present to you is a band of the children upon whom we have been working. We have three homes for these boys,—one at Pine Farm, one at Foxboro, and one at Weston. At these small rural Homes wayward boys receive training preliminary to being placed in families, children who are homeless, destitute, or exposed, but not distinctly wayward, being sent directly from the city to families. I now ask you to listen to some singing by the boys from Pine Farm.

The thirty Pine Farm boys came from the anteroom, and sung with spirit "The School of Jolly Boys," and a base-ball song, "Catch it on the Fly."

The President then introduced Rev. Francis G. Peabody, D.D., Plummer Professor of Christian Morals at Harvard University.

ADDRESS OF PROFESSOR FRANCIS G. PEABODY, D.D.

My own relation with this Society has been of a most tender and interesting nature; but, as I think of it to-night, it is

beginning to assume a somewhat fearful aspect. Only half a dozen years ago I had the privilege of commending to the officers of this Society their present Secretary, and I then felt toward him something like a paternal relation. But when he came this year to Cambridge, and took to help him not less than twenty of our young students, my relationship seemed to be transferred to that of a grand-parental one; and now that I have seen the little ones themselves, the ancestral connection almost unnerves one by its suggestions.

It is perhaps worth while to dwell for a moment on the relation of the college to this work. At the beginning of this year, in Cambridge, we began a systematic relation of the college to the philanthropic activities of this community. We have tried to bring together there those young men who wanted to do something for somebody else, or, as one of them expressed it, to make of Harvard College something else than a "winter watering-place." The first-fruits of this endeavor came from the visits to us of Mr. Birtwell and Mr. Paine last October. A large number of our students are now sent out on various lines of philanthrophic work, while still finding their centre in their college home. Along these different radii of activity they come back to the college centre to report and confer. In short, we are trying to maintain what we might call a college charity conference. And I need not say to you there is nothing in this world more beautiful to see than a healthy-minded young man, in the bloom of his manhood, touched with the feeling of others' infirmities, and taking his time not only from his books, but, what is still more wonderful, from his play, to bend to this activity among the humblest of the poor, and to sit with these little groups of boys and girls among their household libraries in the darker places of the great city. This new birth of moral responsibility makes, I assure you, a great joy and courage for any one who sits from day to day by this fountain of perpetual youth. Even your Society itself takes on something of the shape of a university. You have your president, and you have your college office where the discipline goes

on; and I see by your report that you even have your alumni association, and that the graduates of your various classes feel the same kind of pride which ours feel in belonging to one Alma Mater. And, what is still more odd, the library work of this Society, by a curious coincidence, has begun the same way of administration as the library of a great university. One of the strange things about library work to-day is this: that, having collected a great library, we forthwith feel the need of a lot of little ones; and the method of progress is not so much through the enlargement of the great central library as in the growth of a great number of small and special libraries, where the books shall be fairly forced into the students' hands. In the same way you have little departmental libraries, putting the books directly into the readers' hands, and some twenty of them administered by the students of the other college. Thus the oldest college in the country brings its greeting to the youngest, and wishes for it the same development and prosperity.

When one thinks about this beautiful work among children, his first thought is of the children themselves. There is a new courage which comes to us here from being sure that this is a form of charity which begins at the right place. Of this there can be no doubt. It is this dealing with the children which makes the true approach to modern charity. In a deeper sense than most of us are apt to think, it is true that "charity begins at home." It begins in the home and among the children. I had the pleasure, a few months ago, of inspecting a large number of methods of charity in England; and, if I were to name the most beautiful thing I saw, I should at once speak of one little group of three university men, settled together modestly and unpretentiously among the little boys of East London. These young men had once been in the colony of Toynbee; but they had migrated further eastward, close to the People's Palace, and had there made their quiet little home. One of these men was the son of a distinguished professor at Oxford; another, the son of a professor at Edinburgh, and himself a Fellow of the Univer-

sity of Cambridge; and the third was a successful architect. The two university men were teachers in the class-rooms at the People's Palace, and they had simply gathered round them a little group of the more promising boys; and every evening these selected boys came to the rooms of these sympathetic friends and spent an hour. In summer they all went off together to camp, and in the winter they maintained this permanent intimacy; and thus, without a word of pretence or display, these young men were building up the bodies and souls of one little group of neglected children. I need not say that the same kind of absolutely safe charity is to be seen among us here. Nothing commands the confidence of the philanthropists of New York City like the wonderful work of Mr. Brace among the children. Nothing should command our generosity and confidence here so surely and so permanently as this work among the children of the poor.

For beyond the children themselves there are the parents, and this care of the children is the way into the parents' life. Of redemptive work among grown-up people there may well be some doubt and scepticism; but of preventive work among the young there can be nothing but hope. Among the most touching experiences which my own pupils have reported has been the evidence of influence wrought upon the parents by the work done among their boys and girls. One of these administrators of a little household library goes to the home and sets the children to reading to the mother, who is weary with her work, or the father, who is idle after his. By and by the parents begin to have a personal interest in that which interests the children, and at last the parents are as anxious as the children to keep the little library in their home. It is a verification in modern life of the old Bible doctrine, "A little child shall lead them." And when it comes to the deeper relations of domestic life, to the opportunity that comes to the judicious visitor as he comes into the home as a friend of the children, the opportunity of the peace-maker and friend in the midst of the poverty and distress and intemperance and

crime and quarrels of the home, then one sees how the work among the children opens into the province of wholesome and scientific help to all the household of the poor.

And, lastly, when I think of this work most deeply, it grows plain to me, as it must to all of us, that its greatest blessing is this: that it stands for the real and healthy movement of the moral and religious life of this present time. I do not think that we half realize the tremendous blessing that it is to us all to live in a time when the Christian life has come into such close and intimate contact with the problems and needs of the human world. It seems to me as if religion in other days had been like a stream that wanted to bless the world, but had been held back and dammed and checked by those who should have guided it to service. The theologians and system-makers have built their dams about the truth, and the fields of the world into which the current was meant to flow have lain there, thirsty and parched, waiting for the coming of the waters. But now, thank God! this irresistible stream of religious impulse has burst all these barriers, and is already flowing on to irrigate the thirsty field of the world; and it is for us to guide its current into all the inlets and shallows of this modern life in which it is our privilege to live. We are no longer called in the name of religion to the divisions and controversies of theology. We are anointed in this time to preach the gospel to the poor, to open the eyes of the blind, and to set at liberty those that are bruised; and that is what makes it "an acceptable year of the Lord." And the saints and heroes and leaders of the modern Christian world,—who are they? They are no longer the ascetics and introspective hermits of the past. They are these people, before whom I, for one, bow with reverence,—the people who thus give themselves to lift up the ignorant, and make the crooked ways of life about us a little more straight. Very little asceticism, very little introspection, is needed in the court-room and in the street to-day. The Christian worker to-day must have sense as well as sentiment. He must be in the world, though not of it. His God must be not only love, but light.

Such persons are the representatives of the Christian ideal in the modern world: it is to them that the Master's best commendation would to-day be given. If Jesus of Nazareth were to come among us again to-day, I believe he would pass by many an imposing structure, many an ecclesiastical ritual, and would turn to just such a work as this, saying, "I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was naked, and ye clothed me; I was a stranger, and ye took me in." And then, when these modest workers looked up with glad surprise, and said, "When saw we Thee hungry, and fed Thee; or naked, and clothed Thee; or a stranger, and took Thee in?" I think his answer would be, as it was before, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

The General Secretary of the Society, Mr. Charles W. Birtwell, was next introduced.

ADDRESS OF CHARLES W. BIRTWELL, GENERAL SECRETARY.

A three-year-old lad, whose only knowledge of large bodies of water had been obtained from the irrigating canals in the West, was taken to see the ocean. He stood for a moment in silent astonishment, and then burst out with, "Who turned on dis water?" When the stream of helpers from Harvard shall have swollen to a flood, if some inquisitive small boy shall ask you whence it came, you will be able to tell him what Harvard professor "turned it on."

The first and last fact in our charities is that they have to do not with things, but with human beings. Nobody denies that human nature is a strange affair,— at once simple and complex, at one and the same time thoroughly consistent and entirely inconsistent. Long ago it was agreed that we are "fearfully and wonderfully made"; but the trouble is that this too often means that *we* are "*wonderfully*" and our *fellow-men* "*fearfully*" made. But, depend upon it, human needs are very much alike. What tends to educate and purify and save one will tend to educate and purify and save

another. Home, education, religion, opportunity, respect, friends,— all of us need these, no one can do without them; and what child cannot be saved by them? Here is the simple basis of the work of the Children's Aid Society.

Our cities teem with people whom misfortune, blundering, or temptation has ruined or overcome,— people who are pinched with uninvited poverty or sunk in wilful pauperism and vice and crime. Yet these hard facts are not the product of a day. This ruined manhood and womanhood,— what is it, nine times out of ten, but the sure result of exposed, untrained, neglected childhood? It is in childhood that the fountains of adult character take their rise.

De Quincey likens the human brain to a palimpsest, a manuscript, you know, repeatedly written upon and as often cleansed of its writing, from which still by proper process the successively erased writings may be recovered and revealed. "What else than a natural and mighty palimpsest," says De Quincey, "is the human brain? . . . Countless . . . mysterious handwritings of grief or joy have inscribed themselves successively upon [it]. . . . Each has seemed to [blot out] . . . all that went before. And yet, in reality, not one has been [effaced]." Before, then, the writings have become too numerous, we must see to it that they are not pernicious, but beneficent.

Now, the first work of moral rescue undertaken by the Society that calls you here to-night was directed to that precise point of time when upon the life of one and another wayward city child the police, the courts, the juvenile reformatories, the jail, Deer Island, were about to write their indelible and anything but beneficent inscription. A very different record — more different than it need be, to the shame of the city fathers be it said — was proposed. First,— and this was twenty-six years ago,— Pine Farm at West Newton bade thirty boys welcome. Four years ago Rock Lawn Farm at Foxboro, with a capacity for twenty-five boys, was established, and gave an opportunity to assign to it the younger boys, from seven to ten or eleven years of age, and

to Pine Farm the elder, from ten or eleven to thirteen or fourteen. Two years ago the Home at Weston was opened, where fifteen boys of medium grade as to age and character are received. So at these three little rural training Homes seventy boys — "truant," wayward, unmanageable, or dishonest boys, a large proportion of whom have been arrested or threatened with arrest — are day by day receiving personal care, are studying and playing and working, and getting ready for an honest and honorable manhood.

These Homes afford a radical illustration of the cottage as compared with the institutional or congregate system of caring for such youth. Though at either place there is land enough for the three Homes, yet each is absolutely distinct, each miles away from the others. In some institutions for juvenile offenders the authorities have abandoned, as the State has at Westboro, as Boston has *not* at Deer Island, the congregate for the cottage system. But as, so far as I know, even in such instances there are groups of cottages near one another, I am inclined to think that theirs should be called the *cottages* plan, and ours only the *cottage* plan. Pine Farm is, indeed, as little like an institution as we can make it; and as for the Foxboro and Weston Homes, should you drive past either of them, you would think you had simply caught a glimpse of an old-fashioned family.

From parents, other relatives, and guardians, we collected last year for the board of boys at these Homes over $1,200, — a small sum in comparison with the cost of the three Homes, but yet an amount, both in itself and for the effect upon parents and relatives, worth the effort of obtaining it.

From the training Homes the boys go to private families, chiefly in the country, where more than seventy-five of them are now watched over by the Society. At the expiration of the period for which they have been surrendered to the Society, they usually return to the city; and here fifty "graduates," as we call them, are now the objects of our continued interest. Over five hundred graduates of the Homes have grown up and passed entirely from our care.

Wayward girls, also, if not over thirteen or fourteen years of age, are received. They are boarded in private families in the care of good women, and visited from time to time by the lady directors of the Society. Since this plan was adopted ten years ago, only a few more than a score of girls have been taken in charge; but for each of these the work has meant rescue from moral ruin. How to reach a larger number of the wayward girls is one of our unsolved problems.

Moral rescue, again, is the purpose of our "probation" work. An agent of the Society attends the municipal criminal court daily, gives bonds for juveniles placed on probation, visits them in their homes, and by personal influence and guidance seeks to save them from evil careers. Thirty such children are under our care.

But the work of the Society now embraces exposed as well as wayward children. Preventive effort cannot take the field too soon. Here, again, we aim at simple and natural methods. The children are placed in families at board, free of charge, or for adoption, and some of the elder ones receive wages. We have twenty boys and girls in free homes; and forty are boarding in private families, at an expense of $4,000 a year, of which the Society pays between $1,000 and $1,500, and parents, other relatives, and guardians the remaining $2,500 to $3,000. Here is an "Institution" of no ordinary character: it shelters sixty children, yet you cannot find it; its beauty — ay, and its efficacy — lie in its concealment. Will you insist on knowing its location, and going to see it? You must learn half a hundred addresses, and travel many a road. But, if you visit it, you will surely come back a convert to the doctrine that for neglected and homeless children home life is far preferable to residence in an institution.

A still further and important step was taken by the Society in making its central office, now at 43 Charity Building, a Bureau of Information, to which the case of any needy child may be reported for investigation, advice, appropriate reference to other agencies, or special help. From thirty to fifty new cases, involving the interests of half as many more children, are reported to the Bureau of Information every

month. What is done with them would be, indeed, a long story to tell. Perhaps we merely give information or advice. We may suggest plans that have not occurred to people who have long fought against odds, and become blinded by the smoke of the battle, and are distracted and defenceless and resourceless. The needs of a large proportion are met by the special departments of our own work that I have described. Others we refer to one and another of the various public and private sources of relief, being careful always to refer them, first of all, to the sources of relief within *themselves* and their own families and relatives and friends. Or, if there is no existing agency to which we may direct them appropriately, we become forthwith an *emergency society*, ready to do whatever possible thing may be necessary or advisable. So we stand between the total needs of the needy children and the total humane forces of the community, to bring the latter into the best possible service of the former.

But I have yet to chronicle the last effort made by the Society to get at the very root of our problem,— the work in the homes of the poor. Here preventive effort has its golden opportunity. The introduction is not wanting. The latch-strings of the homes of the poor are out to such as bring them — "Home Libraries"! A bookcase, filled with fifteen books and a supply of juvenile magazines, like the one you see [on a table at the left of the speaker stood a Home Library, tastefully decorated with flowers], is placed upon the wall of the living-room of the home. Some trustworthy boy or girl in the family from ten to fourteen years of age serves as librarian, and the group of readers consists of ten boys and girls from the neighborhood from seven or eight to fifteen or sixteen years of age. For each library there is a volunteer visitor, who meets the children at the regular weekly exchange of books, becomes acquainted with them, encourages intelligent and thorough reading, arranges pleasant outings, teaches home games, induces the children to save their pennies and open accounts at the savings-

banks, and enters in a hundred ways helpfully into the lives of the youthful readers. The visitors make monthly reports in writing, and hold a monthly conference. A set of books and papers, when read, is exchanged for a fresh supply. Not a book is placed in the libraries that one would not be willing his own son or daughter should read. When the readers reach young manhood and womanhood, and are graduated, so to speak, from these juvenile libraries, there will be placed in their hands selected lists of books, with the numbers that these books bear in the public library and its branches. The first of the Home Libraries was established three years ago. There are now thirty-seven.

Here, again, is an "Institution" that rears no proud front to the public gaze, that he who runs may remark it. You must go up and down many byways,— to say nothing of flights of stairs,— to find its hiding-places. Quietly in humble homes it is invoking the spirit of good and exorcising the spirit of evil. It has thrown down the gauntlet to the powers of darkness; and vice and crime, foul sights and sounds, shall find it a desperate foe to conquer if — I leave you to complete the sentence; for I am sure you know that a society can do nothing unless the community help it. God may give the increase, but *Paul must plant and Apollos must water.*

After a song entitled "All Seasons," by the fifteen boys from the Weston Home, the President introduced Rev. Reuen Thomas, D.D., pastor of the Harvard Congregational Church of Brookline.

ADDRESS OF REV. REUEN THOMAS, D.D.

A cause like this takes possession of one's heart, especially if one has been, as I have been this afternoon, to Pine Farm, and looked into the work there and into the faces of these boys that have sung to us to-night. One sometimes has theories about prison work, about how to prevent people from being jail-birds. I have been in prison several times,

trying to carry out the feeling of personal helpfulness toward individuals who have been incarcerated. Now, it is very excellent work, if we can take a man *after* he has been in prison and do this and that with him. But there are two doors to our prisons. There is a front door and a back door. I think we need to stand more at the front door,—not less frequently at the back, but more at the front.

Now, it seems to me that a man very often can do nothing after he has been in prison except steal; or, if he is to begin a new life, he must break with all and every one he has known in the past, and emigrate to some other place. His difficulties are far greater than we assume.

But now suppose you can meet the boys and girls at the front door of the prison, and not allow them to get in at all. Take them into home life, and bring to bear upon them the influence of men and women such as I have found at Pine Farm. Suppose you can teach them what home life really is, and what their own defective home life has not taught them. Is there not in this method wisdom as well as goodness?

There was a little fellow singing to-night in that first company which came upon this platform. He wore a bright gold-lettered bit of ribbon on his coat. That ribbon was a mark of honor. Not long since that little fellow was taken to Pine Farm because twice he, with others, had broken into a house. His own father declared him to be "the most devilish boy in Boston." In a little while, under the influence of love and kindness, he became quite another boy. As you have seen, he is now on the roll of honor.

Well, what you can do with one case you can do with many others. I remember my friend Dr. Macleod, of Liverpool, saying of Dr. Mozley, of Oxford, that a young, bright girl was sent to him, as he wanted domestic help. But the person who sent her, after writing in English about her in a general way, added the words in Greek: "Be very careful. She comes of a bad lot." But, in spite of the Greek caution, he took her; and she became an exceedingly useful member in the family.

By and by she asked him if he could help her brother, a youth who wanted outdoor work. The brother turned out as well as the sister did. A few years after this gentleman was wandering over England, and he went to see a new church in course of erection, and who should be the architect of that church but the brother of this girl whom he had taken into his service; yet they both "came of a bad lot." Now, have you not thought it very singular that Browning, in "The Ring and the Book," should have made that exquisite creature, Pompilia, "come of a bad lot"?

My friends, those who have in their hearts the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ have something which keeps them from easily yielding to despondency and despair. That gospel, in order to its full development of power, seems to require certain things. It requires mental training. It requires opportunity to be industrious. It requires home life. I thought, when I came away from Pine Farm to-day, that, if I had plenty of money and wanted to use it to the best advantage, wanted to be truly philanthropic, I should establish a farm like Pine Farm.

The good men and women who are doing this glorious work must succeed and are succeeding. Pessimism is so very easy, optimism is so very hard. We find in our newspapers so much wrong-doing in society that we are apt to become pessimistic, and we need to fight against this tendency. I think often of Carlyle, the great pessimist of the nineteenth century, the man who could not see people accurately until he got them at a sufficient distance for a historical perspective. Then he could see them more as they were. I often think of him walking those London streets, despising and scorning so much, yet encouraging himself in God. The thought of the great eternity lying all around us, full of all magnificent possibilities, pressed ever upon his consciousness; and the words of Goethe were ever in his memory and on his lips. They are as good for us as for him: we can encourage ourselves with them in our toil and labor: —

"Here eyes do regard you
In Eternity's stillness;
Here is all fulness,
Ye brave, to reward you.
Work, and despair not."

The next speaker was Rev. Charles G. Ames, pastor of the Church of the Disciples, Boston.

ADDRESS OF REV. CHARLES G. AMES.

My first duty and pleasure is to thank those who are doing for us all this beautiful and holy work. My next is to take advantage of this opportunity to make a certain distinct impression which has been made deeply on myself during recent years in some experience with similar work in another State.

Here we are, a pleasant company of ladies and gentlemen in a public hall, with never a policeman in sight; and we manage to behave pretty well. We credit ourselves with a certain respectable standing with ourselves, each other, and the community. How came it all about that we are such nice people? Most of us, I dare say, had a fair start. Victor Hugo says that "all the vagabondage of the world begins in neglected childhood." We were not exactly neglected. We had a fair measure of protecting care, kindly love, wise guidance, firm and gentle restraint. We found ourselves at first in families, recognized, considered, welcomed,— welcomed before we knew it; and we grew up with a sense of belonging to some group of human beings,— of being accepted, of having our place in a human world unquestioned, with something of cordiality in the atmosphere, something of love, of sympathy. And, as we grew older, we found our home in this larger family, the community, still recognized and welcomed, our opportunity expanding, and no end of helps for all gentle, genial forms of culture, physical, intellectual, moral, divine. You see how it came about that we are no worse than we are. No one has made the best

possible use of these magnificent advantages and opportunities; but they have done something for us.

Suppose we had missed them,— suppose we might have been kept alive by coarse shelter, food, and garments, so that we did not die like outcast kittens or puppies, but with coarse companionship had lived along on the ragged edge of misery; suppose we had missed the protecting care, love, and guidance of a good home, the gracious companionship of people better and wiser than ourselves, and all the advantages which good society — so called — supplies, who can tell into what bottomless pit of evil and misery we might have dropped?

Now we are here to consider what our duty is toward the class of children who have missed just those advantages which have been so good for us,— not missing them through their own fault generally; not always through the fault of their parents; or, if their parents were at fault, still that fault was shared by society through its own imperfections, which make it difficult for those of feeble intelligence, and often for those of good purpose, to take care of those dependent on them.

What is the best thing we can do for such destitute, exposed, neglected children? Our own experience gives the answer. It is the method of Providence: "He setteth the solitary in families." We were set in families, and that was the making of us. Our duty, then, is to study how we may put these poor children, whether juvenile offenders or otherwise, in conditions which approach as nearly to good, well-ordered, and wholesome domestic life as possible. This means a minimum of official routine, or red-tape methods, and it means a maximum of humanity; that is, direct personal relation with the children, of a humane and improving sort, such as comes into the life of a good wholesome household. The children are to be passed to these conditions by methods found most wise and expedient. It means that we shall relieve them entirely of the stigma of pauperism, of being a dependent, vagabond class. It means that we shall

put them in the way to take their places in the community as we did when we graduated out of childhood and youth into manhood and womanhood, and that there shall be no obstacle placed in their path to an honorable career.

It is my belief, based on some observation, that a good home is better than a good institution; that a poor, second-class family is better than a poor institution; but that a good institution is better than a poor family. The orphanages and other institutions for children have grown up, because it has not been thought possible to prevent the domestic life of children who are "placed out" from being a new source of misery and exposure. A wise woman in Philadelphia, who has handled the wards of the Children's Aid Society of Pennsylvania for a course of years, says that, out of 4,700 applicants to take children free, nearly 4,000 were desirous to secure a cheap servant,—to catch a child and train that child for a menial, without reference to its welfare, but with reference to the pecuniary advantage that might be gained; to train a slave for the household. My ox must draw as big a load as I please. My horse I can whip. My dog I can kick. The apprenticeship system, by which children were formerly bound out in Pennsylvania and New England, consigned thousands to this kind of fate; and to save them from it institutions became a sort of necessity, in the view of philanthropists. But it has long been felt that the institution was the second-best plan, always inferior to the placing of the children in good families.

The Children's Aid Society of Pennsylvania, with which I have had some relations, aims to do that best thing for the children, never placing them even temporarily in institutions, except where they need special treatment because of moral or physical depravity or disease. It finds a good family for every one, taking great pains in selecting these homes, retaining the legal guardianship of all children not adopted, changing their place in case of need, and following each case with kindly supervision.

It is asked if this is the most economical method. The

most "economical" method is to chuck them out of sight into any house or hole that will receive them; but that is an economy that must be paid for dearly when they become a public pest and peril. The Children's Aid Society of Pennsylvania has, however, proved that its method is more economical in dollars and cents than the common method of establishing institutions whose plant involves a large sum, and whose continued support involves a continued outlay. The average expenditure for placing out 296 children and paying their board, including those placed out free of charge in carefully selected families, was less than fifty cents a week. For many of them, support was secured by finding employment for their mothers; while others, once properly placed, were soon made welcome without cost or gradually adopted, and thus taken off the expense list. The method of that society secures family life for a great number of children.

I believe that among the two millions of inhabitants of this State there are thousands of wholesome, well-ordered homes, well appointed in all ways, where children might be received either freely or on nominal board for a time, so that all the homeless children of the State might be absorbed and provided for. But this means the rousing of the parental feeling on the part of the community, so that it shall be a fashion to adopt children,— a noble, Christian fashion, would it not be? The children who have lost their proper belongings and domestic relations are now *our* children, children of the whole community; and, when the whole community realizes this fact, the opening of hearts will secure the opening of doors.

Indeed, I venture to ask if normal, healthful home life is not the natural remedy for even the wayward children. "Juvenile offenders," are they? Very likely. Most of us were. How were *we* rescued from a possible career of crime? Parental kindness may prove as good for these as it has proved for us: therefore, they must be cared for by the parental method. "But they are 'a bad lot': many of them

come of depraved stock, and are tainted in their blood." Indeed! May we take this for granted because their parents were poor? Is not bad blood a rather common inheritance? Let us frankly recognize our relationship: "the least of these," and the lowest, are our brethren. We must take them into the family.

I rejoice that the Boston Children's Aid Society feels and shares the general movement of modern child-saving, which is toward the family plan, pure and simple.

The twenty-five boys from Rock Lawn Farm marched into the hall, and sung with a will "Jack Frost," after which the smallest boy of the group, in a few verses in behalf of himself and his companions, bade the audience "Good-night."

Hon. Robert Treat Paine, a Vice-President of the Society, was then introduced.

ADDRESS OF HON. ROBERT TREAT PAINE.

It has been a pleasure to me to be one of the workers in this Society for half a generation,—a pleasure inherited from my mother, one of its founders, who loved it, I think, more than any other work of her life.

The Children's Aid Society started, in 1864, to take a few boys in danger, and remove them to the clear, bracing air of the country.

Five years ago the need of going deeper into this child problem was so strongly felt that steps were taken to begin a more aggressive work in and through the city.

In a happy moment for our society, and for the city of Boston and for the work of rescuing child life, Mr. Birtwell was appointed our general agent.

Gradually, the work has grown until it has attained the magnitude of to-day, when not so much what is actually done as what we see can be done and needs to be done looms up before our Society; and we seek to secure the aid and financial support of good men and women as well as the city's intelligent co-operation.

The Society began with Pine Farm for thirty boys, and has now also Rock Lawn Farm for twenty-five boys, and our Weston Farm for fifteen more; but the conviction has grown strong that in some way the strength of the Society has got to be brought to bear also upon child life here in the city.

Mr. Ames has just spoken about the start in life. What phase of this problem is more terrible than to see children growing up in homes of vice and neglect, handicapped in the race of life? Compare them with the children who grow up in our homes, with every possible advantage. We meet to-night to see what can be done to take away this handicap, and to give these children a fair start in life.

The glory and the joy of these days of ours in this last quarter of the nineteenth century are found in movements like this of our Children's Aid Society,— movements not content with any mere hospital treatment of bodily sickness, but which demand a thorough study of the whole social problem, and especially of its injustices; which demand not merely charity, or rather I would say not so much charity, as justice, first of all and before all else; which demand that the intolerable wrong shall be wholly done away that starts a certain large percentage of the children of the city under foul conditions of life, surely promising evil fruit.

The new charity of our day, sweeping up and down Great Britain and across this continent, is not, as some suppose, mere machinery or red tape, nor is it content merely to bring agencies of relief into harmonious co-operation. Its supreme purpose is to establish more humane, or, rather, more divine, relations between those who are well-to-do and those in distress, to dispel apathy, to create sympathy, to build up the consciousness of solidarity, to make the rich feel their duty to be personal friends of the poor, to make life full of the relations of personal service.

Three potent and continous causes of the evils of society are soon discovered: —

Foul tenements in crowded slums.

Rum-shops, creating crime and vice.

Neglected child life.

The challenge is thrown out to the community to remove these causes, if it can.

We rejoice to hear to-night that Harvard College is sending many young men to our aid. May we not hope that Professor Peabody will have classes, increasing in numbers, interested in this work, and that all the young men of Harvard will be permeated with this spirit, and feel their relation to the great social problems of life?

Dr. Thomas has said that he should like to found another Pine Farm. To me the best institution is no institution at all. While Pine Farm is admirable, while we need several of such Homes for temporary resting-places for the wayward children, yet in my judgment the shorter time the children stay there, the better. My feeling is very strong that, if we can pass the children forward from a brief rest in such Homes as Pine Farm to a selected Christian family in the country, where they will be under the influence of a father and mother, and get a new environment, so will they get the best start in life.

Now this means a great work. It means summoning the country to help the city. We in the city are incompetent to deal with this problem. We cannot take care of these children and make good citizens out of them in Boston. They are subject to such temptations that the problem is hopeless, if it is only to be solved here or in other great cities.

But, if children can go to selected homes where they will be free from dangerous influences and under the protecting care of a kind father and mother, I will not believe that there is a single one of them who cannot be saved.

Aiming to do this great work, a work of much detail, a "Bureau of Information" has been created by Mr. Birtwell, with a paid staff under him, on whom the burden is placed of finding homes enough, and having them ready, selected and known, so that, if a boy is brought into the office to-

morrow morning at nine o'clock, within an hour, if need be, that boy can be on the cars, going to a home where a father and mother will welcome him.

We must find in the towns of the Commonwealth a large number of good citizens who will help. Some of them have to be paid for boarding children; but, surely, the time will come when homes enough in the country can be found to welcome without pay the children from the city who need to be rescued.

Is that too much to hope? This is what we are entitled to ask: this is the appeal which we in the city send out to those in the country, to help in this work, and to do it gratuitously.

Well, if that cannot be done, or so far as it cannot be done, a sum of money is to be paid weekly, as Mr. Birtwell has explained, for the board of the children. Through the year that mounts up to thousands of dollars, a large part of it paid by the parents or other relatives of the children themselves.

A half-dozen years ago $5,000 was needed yearly to maintain this Society in effective work. $20,000 was paid out last year, contributed by friends — not by a large number — who knew about the beneficent work.

So one of the appeals which we make to-night is to get that financial support which will enable the Society to do in the future all that it has done this year, and vastly more.

I have spoken of the three great causes that are at work to produce this destitution and crime in city life. With a brief word further about these great causes, let me close.

Surely, we shall all agree that the drinking saloons are a potent cause of trouble. About this it is hardly necessary to speak to a Boston audience.

Another great cause is the vile homes in which many of our poor people are living. Boston is no worse than other cities, although we have some slums which seem to me, on the whole, as hopeless for a family to grow up in as any I have seen anywhere in the world. New York is, perhaps,

the most hopeless city, owing to its location and the great height of its tenements; but, so far as I have seen, Boston is next in our country.

Not that I would imply that things are growing worse with us. I rejoice to know from personal observation that they are improving. But we still have Quiet Alley — curiously so called — and Albany Place and Chapel Place, and many more such places, every one of which is a disgrace to civilization, and no one of which has a right to exist with a human family of souls living in it. They will be exterminated when the deliberate judgment of Boston supports the Board of Health in vacating such places as unfit for human habitation. But there they are to-day; and, so long as they exist, they will be factories, not running under an eight-hour law, but all the twenty-four hours of the day, to produce crime and misery, and to drag down child life at its start.

The neglect of children in their youth is the third great cause of our social troubles. To remove this cause, and rescue the children in our city from wretchedness and degradation, is what we have met for to-night, in the hope of interesting the citizens of Boston.

The closing address was then made by Rev. Phillips Brooks, D.D., rector of Trinity Church, Boston.

ADDRESS OF REV. PHILLIPS BROOKS, D.D.

I am very grateful to be allowed to say a few words at the close of this meeting. Such a meeting, which brings the work of any society before the great body of our fellow-citizens, has its purpose in this: that it takes those principles which are apt to be hidden under details and lost in the machinery of the association, and brings them forth clearly, and lets us feel the spirit that pervades the whole institution. I cannot but feel that all that has been said and all that our eyes have seen in the children that are in the care of this Society have impressed us with a certain sense of hopefulness which we cannot but carry away with us. There are certain

institutions whose influences we feel, to which we make our contributions, and in which we take a continual interest, but in which there is a certain tone of despair; but anything that touches the life of children, that deals with the beginning of life, cannot help being hopeful. It is as if you should drop something into the fountain which should rush on in the stream and go into the fields and make them richer. It is a joy to do something which shall not merely touch the present, but shall reach forward to the future. It gives us pleasure to feel that we have some connection with that future which we shall not live to see, but can feel now trembling in the things under our feet, and which our hands are touching every day.

One thing which has impressed us to-night has been the simplicity and naturalness, and therefore the hopefulness, of the methods which this Society follows. The child is born into a human family; it has a father and mother, however unworthy they may seem to be for the intrusting of an immortal soul to their care. But that is not the end of its association. Shall we think of that which has been done for the poor child whose father and mother have deserted it, or who have been taken away from it, as unnatural? It is a perfectly natural thing that the society into which a child is born should come and enfold itself around a child's life. A child who is born in Boston to-day is, in the first place, the child of the father and mother who have given it life; then it is the child of the State, of the community; then it is the child of this larger humanity which is represented in the community. The first relation, of the father and mother to whom the child is given, is real; the second and third, those larger and larger relations, are also real and genuine, not merely artificial. The child is the child of the State, of its country, of humanity, as well as the child of the father and mother into whose care it is God-given. The family is the immediate representative of that larger association to which the child belongs. The little household of Nazareth which folded itself about the life of the infant Jesus, in the first

place, was the representative of the larger life of Judaism, which was the representative of the larger life of humanity, — that humanity for whose salvation he came. And, therefore, when father and mother are taken away or prove unworthy, and the State comes forward in the person of you, its citizens, and folds its life about the child, and humanity comes forward in the person of you, its citizens, and folds its larger life about the child, it is not something unnatural and artificial: it is the larger responsibility coming in and manifesting itself in a more distinct and special responsibility. It is the town owning what it owes to that child life; it is humanity exercising its functions toward this child which was born after long generations as the latest of the children of the human race. It is hopeless unless we can feel that it is something genuine, something true, which has its root in the real principle of things.

We have had suggested to us to-night the different motives with which a society, which represents the community and humanity, gives itself to the care of the child. I do not see how we can ever be satisfied until we come to the largest and deepest motives. We do not disown economic considerations; we do not disown those facts which show that the loss of a child's life is a loss to the community, if it grow up in evil ways,— the loss of that which the child might do and be, or what it might contribute if it grew up with the proper development of its special human life, which is different from the life of any other human creature that has ever lived. There *is* a distinct loss and harm to the social organism, and the political organism is called upon to consider what the nation, the State, and humanity suffer if a single child is allowed to drop that fruitfulness out of its life or turn it into mischief. Let us be social economists by all means. Let us consider the waste of allowing a child's life to go to ruin.

Then there are the humane sentiments. There is that instinctive pity which springs up in the human heart when it thinks of the misery into which the innocent child life is

plunged without any mitigation. The poor little child is ruined before the first smile has dawned on its lips. It has grown old before it has ceased to be a baby.

We pity the suffering of the child; but we must not stop before we go beyond that, and feel the deep religious motive that must underlie all the help which we try to give to the children of men, and especially to these younger children in whom the simple fact of their humanity is the prominent thing. It is the essential value of human nature which makes their suffering. If they were not the children of God, capable of such divine life and beauty, we could not picture it to ourselves as so absolutely horrible. It is only when the profound Christian revelation of the essential worth of human nature takes possession of the Christian world that we shall undertake and successfully accomplish that which it is in our power to do. It must rest upon this consciousness that every lowest child of man is also the child of God. It is the great power of Christian civilization, of Christ in the hearts of men, that is asserting this infinite, this unspeakable value,—a value which is worthy of all the sacrifice that these men and women engaged in the work of this Society are making, and that others are making, for what men in other days in their forgetfulness of the greatness, the divineness of human nature, have dared to call worthless. It is the growing Christ in the manhood of our time that is declaring that every human creature is worthy of the personal sacrifice — who shall not say even unto death? — of the noblest of God's children. To give one's self, the greatest for the least, that was the beginning, and it shall be the end, of the dispensation by which God in Christ is training men.

Shall it not be the result of such a meeting as this, that this no slight representation of the citizens of Boston should agree that this shall not be the work of the few, but that the work of the few shall be made the work of the many, and that those who cannot give their personal time and thoughtfulness and care shall see to it that those who can and will, the consecrated men and women who care for these children

with that fascination with which the child life always touches the maturer life,—that these men and women, for lack of any of the help which money can give them, shall never stay their hands, or limit their plans, or shut out one child from their influence, or delay for a single day the progress of that good work which has in it somewhere hidden the secret of the salvation of the city and these children of the poor?

Money may be sent to Edward Jackson, Treasurer, 146 Franklin Street, Boston; and checks should be made payable to him.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to the Boston Children's Aid Society, incorporated March 24, 1865, the sum of

dollars, to be applied to the uses of said corporation.

(Feb., 1891, 20,000)

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